

An Attempt at Reconciling with the Non-Existent

by Angela Kubinec

Diane,

Goddamn. I am sick of your antics. You took my cigarettes out of my purse and put them on my dresser just so Mom would see them. When I told her it was you, she said I was entirely too old to continue blaming things on an imaginary friend. She's really pissed. Now I'm on restriction and I can hear her crying to Daddy. I think they're going to send me to a fucking psychiatrist.

When we were little you were a whole lot more fun. Now you've become a real troublemaker. That thing you did with the dog was just mean, and when you materialize the poor thing hides under the bed. Truly, you are out of control and I believe you have a personality disorder. There was no call for you to cut all my panties in half.

I know my last dispatch to you was angry, but you deserved it. Get a grip for chrissakes.

You still have not returned my lipstick, which would be a gesture of good will on your part. I miss being able to talk to you, and promise that I will not slap you as I threatened to do earlier.

Remember, dear, that I still have the power to sublimate (just learned that word in Chemistry) you straight into the atmosphere. Grow up some and let bygones be bygones. I maintain that you will no longer be allowed to borrow my clothes. However, I will pretend you a pair of old sweats and a t-shirt so you don't have to walk around naked.

Your imaginary sister,

Suzie

